

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



JOHN ARMIGER AND WILL GOODCHILD AGAIN.

## BOY AND MAN: PART II.

CHAPTER I.—ALL SAINTS' PARISH.

"Jumping o'er times;  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour-glass."—*Shakespeare.*

AT the date of the commencement of this story, when little John Armiger started on his first journey to Cubbinghame, there was no such thing as a railway in all England. There were fast coaches

for passengers, and heavy wagons and canals for goods, but no other public means of locomotion. At that time there were no omnibuses, nor even cabs, in London; nothing but lumbering hackney-coaches to be hired in the streets, or glass coaches from the mews. Then there were no steamboats darting to and fro upon the river above bridge, nor landing-stages by the river side; but "trim-built wherries" and "jolly young watermen," with three sculls each instead of one, and "stairs" at which they might be

hired. Steamers, indeed, there were, plying from new London Bridge, just opened, to Margate or Gravesend, concerning which the popular belief was that they were in a manner amphibious, and that when they had completed their voyage upon the water, they could run up with their paddle-wheels upon dry land, and so conveniently discharge their cargo. No smart policemen paced the streets day and night; but ancient watchmen ("Charlies," not "Bobbies"), with rattles and horn lanterns, slept from hour to hour in their watch-boxes, and emerged at intervals to proclaim the time of night and the state of the weather, to the admiration of country cousins lying awake to hear them. No gas lit up the streets; but oil-lamps, dingy and smoky, giving but a dim and flickering light.

A few years have passed, and not a few changes have been witnessed. At the date of this second part of our history, the great railway problem has been solved; already the first railway has been completed, and the first victim slain; already the country has been mapped out for a network of iron roads; and now first sods are being cut near London, and long viaducts of brick are being built to carry passengers and goods among the chimney-pots, and so away out of the smoke and fog north, south, east, west, and everywhere.

And yet the schoolboys who were so suddenly dismissed from Cubbinghame by the burning of Mr. Bearward's house, and who had gone to their homes, some in po'chay, others by fast coach or mail, had hardly yet arrived at man's estate. The elder boys were indeed grown up and out in the world, married, some of them; the younger were under indentures or at college. Scattered once abroad, it is hardly to be expected that many of them will ever meet together again; but the paths of some will cross each other, and a few will run side by side, like some of those new railways, for a greater or less distance through life; and as with those great highways the usefulness and durability of the lines depend upon the judgment with which they have been planned, and the soundness and excellency of the workmanship which has been exercised in their construction, so the course of these men in after-life will show what care has been bestowed upon their education, and under what good or evil influences they have been trained up; for although religion may impose restraints upon the most unruly, and break through habits which have become second nature, and so avert or overrule the consequences of bad teaching or neglect, yet in most cases the truth of the proverb will assert itself, "The child is father of the man."

Looking down into a deep cutting where a gang of navvies were at work excavating soil and loading it upon railway trucks, stood a young man of about five-and-twenty, dressed in clerical black. He was tall, of fair complexion, and well favoured, with brown, waving hair, beneath which a red mark might be observed, extending from the right temple to the ear and neck, an old scar caused, as was plainly to be seen, by a burn. A younger man, blue-eyed and of slighter build, and apparently not of robust health, was by his side, and they both appeared to be much interested in the labour which was being carried on.

"I wonder which are the happier in the long run," said the elder of the two, the Reverend John Armiger, "navvies who dig from morning to night and have not much else to think about, or educated people? I think I should like to have a share in

those men's labour; it must be such a satisfaction to see the great masses of earth break away and fall towards the wagons ready to be shovelled in, and to know that so much measured work is done. I never see a man breaking stones upon the road without thinking what a pleasure it must be to observe one heap grow larger and the other less."

"Stones are but stones," Willy Goodchild answered. "When they are broken they are good for nothing but to be thrown upon the road and ground to powder; and then more are wanted in their place; so there is no end to the labour. You are disappointed because you do not see more fruit of your work at All Saints' in the South; but you have a better material to work upon, and a higher object to reach after; so you must have more patience."

John Armiger was not a doctor, nor was Willy Goodchild's sister a doctor's wife; neither did they live in the country with cows and pigs around them, as they had once pictured to themselves; but in a narrow street in one of the not most agreeable suburbs of London. Mr. Armiger had been two years in holy orders, and was curate of All Saints' in the South. Not that all his parishioners were saints; if, as John Wesley says, cleanliness is next to godliness, that description would have applied to very few of the thirteen thousand of whom he was supposed to have the oversight. Yet there were good and pious men and women among the grimmest of the toil-stained multitude who thronged the factories and workshops of that dreary neighbourhood by day, and huddled together in its tumble-down houses, and narrow, sordid rooms at night; and these might have been in larger proportions, and their spiritual attainments of a higher standard, if their homes had been physically better and more wholesome. Mr. Armiger had not yet been long enough at All Saints' to know how many of these good Christians were to be found among his flock. One or two here and there he had discovered of whose simple unaffected piety he was assured; but others, who had won his confidence at first by their professions had caused him pain and disappointment. He was just now smarting under these discouragements, and his brother-in-law had persuaded him to take a holiday and a long walk with him into the country in the hope of reviving his spirits; and so they had come to Wimbledon.

"I do want to see some fruit of my labour," said Armiger, after a pause. "I don't care how hard I work; you know that, Will. I chose that curacy because it was confessedly a difficult place to deal with; and I thought that, being young, with good health and energies, I ought not to settle down in an easy, comfortable parish, nor to build upon another man's foundation. But after two years one ought to see some results. There, all those trucks are loaded, and away they go, to be tipped up somewhere else where the soil is wanted; and so the cutting gets continually deeper at this end, and the embankment higher at the other. If I could only cut down and build up in my parish like that!"

"All in good time," said Will, cheerfully.

"But time goes on so quickly; and so little is done! I am like that poor fellow whom I went to see the other day in the House of Correction—one of my backsliders. He was shut up in a cell by himself, and was occupied there for several hours daily turning a winch fixed in the wall, with the pleasant

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conviction that he was all the while grinding nothing. 'I shouldn't so much mind, sir,' he said, 'if there was a millstone or something at the end of it, and so many bushels to grind; but it's a weary thing, and makes one feel like a fool to be for ever turning that there iron handle round and round, and nothing to show for it.' 'You might be doing worse,' I said; but he hardly seemed to think so. So I might be doing worse; but it is hard work grinding nothing."

"Come along," said Goodchild; "I did not bring you out to hear you talk like this. Let us turn back again; it can't be very far from this spot that the old house stood. Not a vestige of it is to be seen now; it is impossible even to recognise the site."

"The site," Mr. Armiger replied, "is carted away miles hence very likely; we shall never see it again. But I am glad we came here, the air is so refreshing, and the walk will do us good. I wish Susie could have come with us; but that was out of the question under the circumstances. I should like some day to bring those poor ragged children from Duck Court to have a day's run on the common. There will soon be no common left if all the new railway schemes are carried out at the present rate. See! there's the pond where the water-lilies used to grow. I should like to wade after them now if the water were not so muddy."

"That can't be the pond," said Goodchild; "ours was a great deal larger than that."

"It looks small, certainly; but it has been growing in your imagination ever since you saw it last, when you yourself were smaller. I have been down here more than once since then. I used to like having a walk upon the common with that black outline of your sister in my pocket, and many tender recollections in my heart. I think we had better be going home now; I feel a little anxious. I hope all is well in Joy Street."

Joy Street was the name of the thoroughfare in which Mr. Armiger's house was situated. It was not altogether such a misnomer as it appeared to be to those who only read the name painted up on the corner house. Its outward appearance did not indeed promise a great deal; but there is as much happiness, perhaps, in humble life as in the gay scenes of extravagance and dissipation; and, strange though it may seem, as much enjoyment to be reaped in a noisy thoroughfare as in the brightest scenes of rural beauty; for the great question is not where a man is, but what he is, and how he spends his time. Joy Street was rightly named in respect to one, at least, of its tenants, for there was not a happier couple in all England than John Armiger and his wife, and there was a promise of yet greater happiness in store for them within a very short time, when, if all went right, the only thing yet wanting in their house would be there, a presence to be felt and seen and heard every hour of the day—and of the night, too, perhaps, though that did not enter into their calculations. Meantime, the shadow of disappointment which had begun to fall upon them in parochial matters only served to draw the curate and his helpmeet nearer together in their home, and to make mutual sympathy more precious.

"You have not yet served your apprenticeship," Susan would say to him. "Do you suppose a place like this can be converted in two years?" Yet Susan herself had almost thought so when she married him. Her John would work a mighty change in the place, and win all hearts; and she was

grieved to see his earnestness and diligence so little valued. Two years was a long time for him to be in the church, and the church not full. Two years! let him work on for twenty, and then he will have learnt to expect less and yet to hope for more. His labour is not in vain in the Lord though it may seem so. He must wait and have long patience. He may never see the fruits of his work in this world, but they shall follow him. The word of the Lord can break stones harder than any of those upon the road; it is a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces. That word shall not return unto Him void, but prosper in the thing whereto He sends it.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE RAGGED-SCHOOL.

"There's but a shirt and a half in all my company."—*Shakespeare.*

WILLIAM GOODCHILD was staying with his sister and Mr. Armiger during a part of his long vacation. He was an undergraduate at Oxford, his future calling being as yet undecided. Mr. Goodchild had thought first of the navy; then a lawyer's office was proposed; after that commerce. Commerce was never brought to any tangible shape; and literature, which was next proposed, proved equally unmanageable. Willy could not bring his father to any conclusion; so he persuaded him to let him go to Oxford in the meantime, and see how things would turn out.

"Things are sure to turn out somehow or other," Mr. Goodchild said; "we need not decide at present. Yes; you can go to Oxford, and try it for a term or two, at all events."

Young Goodchild had tried it for several terms, and meant, of course, to take his degree. Beyond that his destiny was still unsettled.

"It's time you made up your mind," said Mr. Armiger to him again that day, as they were walking homeward.

"Make it up for me, John; I'll do anything you tell me, but I feel so puzzled."

"A country curacy would suit you as well as anything."

"You always say so. I should prefer a town parish like yours, if I could stand it. It must be a grand thing to be able to carry the Gospel of Christ into the strongholds of sin, to do battle with the enemy, and to save souls with fear and danger—pulling them out of the fire, as you saved some of us, in the flesh, at Cubbinghame. That is what you have to do in this parish, and it suits you, but I should never be equal to it. I should not have courage or resolution for it. I don't even think I could always live in a crowd; and besides—" But he checked himself, the truth of the matter being that he shrunk from the responsibility of making the cure of souls his profession, and did not feel himself called to it, or fit for it. He also thought it would be pleasant to see some fruit of his labours, whatever his calling might be, and his brother-in-law's experience, notwithstanding what he himself had said on that subject, was not encouraging.

"A doctor?" said Mr. Armiger, suggestively.

"To cut off legs and arms? No; I should never have nerve for it, unless some blessed anodyne should be discovered which would send the patient to sleep, and enable me to cut at him without his feeling it. A surgeon, it has been well said, ought to have the heart of a lion, the eye of an eagle, and the hand of a woman. I am afraid I should have none of these qualifications, except, perhaps, the last."

John Armiger sighed. This, he thought, was one



of the consequences of the fright which little Willy Goodchild had experienced at Mr. Bearward's, and of the fits which followed it. To the same cause it was to be attributed that he could not bear much study, and was cut off from all opportunity of honours and emoluments at Oxford.

"You are tired with your walk," Mr. Armiger said, as they approached their home; "you had better not go to the school to-night."

"Oh yes, I will; I shall not have many more opportunities. I like it; it's good fun."

"I don't know about fun," said the curate; "it is exciting, certainly."

The school in question was a ragged-school; the first that had been opened in that parish; ragged-schools being then quite a novel institution. It was situated in Duck Court, and was open twice a week in the evening for secular instruction, and on Sundays.

After tea the two young men set out together in good time, for they had work to do on their way—picking up a child here and a child there, as they found them idling in the streets, and taking them with them almost by force, inviting others of older growth to follow them, and stopping now and then to argue with the men and women, who stood leaning against the doorposts smoking, urging them to send their children to the school. Parents were generally slow to exercise authority in this behalf. "What have you got to give them?" was sometimes asked. But the most frequent objection was, "They don't like schooling; and if they don't want to go, how are we to make them?"

The schoolroom was a loft over a stable; the approach to it was by a step-ladder. A crowd of boys of all ages were assembled in the yard, waiting for the door to be opened, when the curate arrived; squalid and dirty most of them, playing tricks with each other, practising Cat'n wheels, and making a great noise and hubbub.

"Hullo, Teacher!" cried one of them, as Mr. Armiger approached, and straightway stood upon his head, and then walked towards him on his hands, presenting the dirty soles of his feet on a level with the curate's face. "You couldn't do it, Teacher," he said, when he had recovered his normal position; "you couldn't pint your toes down my throat o' that fashion. Try it; I'll teach you, if you like."

Mr. Armiger would have done a great deal to win the respect of his parishioners, but he was not prepared for such an exhibition of muscular Christianity as this. "Very clever," he said; "but I'm older than you, so I'll teach you something first, if you'll go in."

They went in. It was a long, low room, lighted with gas, and furnished only with a few benches and one long desk. A rush was made for the latter, and several of the biggest lads took possession of it, and began elbowing each other for room and amusement. Some minutes passed before order could be obtained. Most of the boys wanted to write; they did not care about reading; and after they were divided into classes there were frequent remonstrances on this point. There was only one teacher besides the curate and young Goodchild. The classes were large and restless; the boys seemed to have become suddenly impressed with the value of time, and did not like waiting for their turn to read, while their class-fellows were slowly spelling through their several sentences, so there were many interruptions. Often a willing scholar, making a guess at some word

which he ought to have spelt, would utter some absurd nonsense, at which all the rest would laugh aloud, not that they understood the joke, but for the sake of making a noise. Others would make ridiculous, or even worse blunders, in their reading, purposely, and then the mirth would be still more boisterous. Here a boy would be tilted backwards on to the floor just as it was his turn to read; and there another, intent upon his book, would find it suddenly snatched from his hand and passed round the form like a game of hunt the slipper, or (a similitude which they, alas, would have understood much better) like a purse filched from a pocket in the streets.

The greatest forbearance and good-temper on the part of the teachers was necessary under all these trials. If one of them spoke angrily or harshly to his unruly class, they would rejoice to have put him out of temper, and would give him no more peace that evening. The teachers must be blind and deaf to many things that were done and said, and it would have saved them much discomfort if they could have been deprived, for the time, of other senses also. Of course the boys were not all troublesome alike, nor were they, on the whole, so ill-mannered now as they had been when the school was first opened. On that occasion the scholars had dismissed themselves almost as soon as they were assembled, and Mr. Armiger had been nearly led to despair of doing any good with them. They had come in the hope of receiving a morsel of bread, or a bit of victuals of some sort, and were disappointed. There was then no gas in the room, and the candles were constantly being blown out. As soon as one was relighted, another was extinguished, until at length, as if by signal, caps were sent flying at them all at once, and the room was left in total darkness. Then there was shouting and whistling and swearing, and the boys all rushed together to the door, falling over each other down the step-ladder, and one or two new books, a Bible among them, disappeared in the scuffle. The attempt had been renewed, however, and gas laid on, with the taps out of reach, and a better feeling now prevailed; and some of the boys, especially the little ones, seemed to take kindly to their books, and to give promise of becoming scholars.

The curate was in pretty good spirits this evening. His walk to Wimbledon had done him good. They were getting on swimmingly, he thought; his class seemed to be interested in their work, and he was explaining something to them, when suddenly there was a loud laugh, and all eyes were directed towards himself. Looking round, he saw the naked soles of a pair of very dirty feet close to his ears, one on either side, and a voice from the floor exclaimed, "You couldn't do it." The next moment feet and voice were gone, rolling away like a wheel, and the owner thereof was to be seen intent upon a book in the next class, as if he had not moved. Hardly had this sensation passed away, when a heavy foot was heard outside, stumbling up the step-ladder. The door was pushed open, and a short, thick-set man, with a large head and a quantity of bristly hair sticking out all over it, entered the room. He stood for a moment in silence, gazing upon the scene before him.

"It's Tuffey; look at old Tuffey," two or three of the boys were heard to say. "Oh, what a lark!"

Mr. Armiger took no notice of the apparition, though his pulse beat rather more rapidly; he knew something of the man, and thought it best to wait and hear what he was come for.

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Tuffey appeared to have had some drink, but not more than he could carry. He had a short pipe in his mouth, and went on smoking while he looked around him.

"Werry good!" he said, after a short time, during which silence and expectation had prevailed; "werry good!" Then, removing the pipe from his mouth and spitting, "This is edication, is it? This is *Kerristian* edication." He emphasized the word "Christian" scornfully, and again spat upon the floor. "That's my opinion of it," he said, "if you ask me!"

The word "ask" was pronounced so emphatically that Mr. Armiger could not refrain from saying, quietly, "I did not ask you."

"No," said the man; "you knowed better."

"We are busy here, as you see," said the curate. "Are you looking for any one? Do you want anything?"

"Do I want anything?" he said, slowly, looking Mr. Armiger in the face with placid scorn. "Do I want anything? Yes, I should think I did. If you ask me. 'What do I want?'" Then, after a long pause, in a low voice, like a snarl, "'What do I want?' I want—the rights of man in every age and nation; them's what I want."

It was difficult to reply to such an appeal, so Mr. Armiger said nothing, but attempted to go on with his teaching.

"Aha!" said Tuffey, "you are dumb-founded, are you? I thought so! Now, I'll tell you what,"—with a great appearance of candour—"I'll argue this with you, out and out."

"Really," said the curate, "our time is occupied, and I am not prepared—"

"Not prepared? No, I thought not! No more aint I. But I don't want no preparation, I don't, nor edication neither. I'm always ready for a argument on that pint, I am, or any other too."

"I shall be very glad to talk to you at another time," said Mr. Armiger; "but I should be obliged if you will leave us now to go on with our work."

"Work do you call it! Work! You don't know what work is, you don't. I'm a working-man, I am. I should think, now, you never did a day's work in your life—not real work."

Mr. Tuffey was not himself famous for industry. It was said that his wife earned the money by charring, and that he drank it; but he claimed for himself the honourable title of a working-man, as if all who were not of his kind were idlers. "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour till the evening," saith the Psalmist. More is not required of him; but men like Mr. Armiger often work on far into the night. "Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work," is the merciful commandment. Five days, or five and a half at most, are now thought to be enough; but curates have no Saturday half-holiday, and certainly no Sabbath in the sense

of rest. Yet Tuffey could not look upon those who had only the cure of souls as "working-men."

"Work do you call it!" he exclaimed, with drunken scorn. "You don't know what work is; not you. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, after a pause. "Come to the 'Toad-in-a-Hole' any evening and ask for Tuffey; he's a tough customer is Tuffey. I'll argue with you, free and open; and them as uses the house shall judge. Edication! What's the good of edication? Look at me—I never had no edication, and I'll argue with you, or with anybody else! You can't put me down; the rights of man in every age and nation, them's what I want! Here I am, so make your own appointment."

Yes, there he was—a fine specimen to be sure! Look at him. He never had "no edication;" it was quite unnecessary to tell them that. Why should not all the world grow up as ignorant and impudent as he? But a moment later there he wasn't, which was better still; and they heard him stumbling down the stairs, and muttering to himself with indignation, "Rights of man—'Toad-in-a-Hole'—them's what I want."

There was nothing more to be done in school that night; the time was nearly up, and there was a storm of laughter, and shouts of "Bravo, Tuffey!" which it would have been impossible to quell. Some of the bigger boys went after their hero; the others stayed a few minutes while Mr. Armiger read aloud a short passage from the Bible, according to his custom, before he let them go. This practice he had resolved to maintain, and he hoped by degrees to bring the gentle might of religion to bear more fully and directly on his work. The secular teaching was but a means to an end. It was not to teach writing and arithmetic that he had been ordained; like Tuffey, he did not think much of "edication" for its own sake; but he hoped that boys who came to him for such accomplishments might be eventually won by sympathy and kindness, and so "remain to pray."

When Mr. Armiger and his brother-in-law reached home they found the street-door open, and the parlour-maid peeping out.

"Oh, if you please, sir, I'm so glad you are come, she said; "missus is upstairs."

"Nothing the matter?" cried Mr. Armiger, anxiously.

"Oh no, sir. Mr. Morbid is here."

"Mawby! is he here?"

"Yes, sir, and the nurse. Mr. Morbid sent for her directly."

"A fortnight earlier than we expected! I hope and pray there may be nothing wrong."

There was nothing wrong. Before the morning dawned the nurse tapped at the door of the dining-room, where Armiger and Goodchild were watching, and said, "A boy, sir! a great big boy, and going on beautiful—both of 'em!"

## AMERICAN MYTHS: AS RELATED TO PRIMITIVE IDEAS OF RELIGION.

BY PRINCIPAL DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S.

### I.—THE IDEA OF GOD.

MAX MÜLLER, in his lectures on the Science of Religion, rejects the ordinary division into natural and revealed religions, and adopts a three-fold grouping, corresponding to the division of

languages into Turanian, Aryan, and Semitic. Though not quite satisfactory, more especially in its treatment of revelation, this method is suggestive of some important thoughts and questions. While we regard,

for example, our own religion as revealed, we must bear in mind that it necessarily includes also the elements of natural religion. Further, while it may be classified as Semitic, as coming to us through a Semitic people, yet, according to its own history, in its earlier stages it was much more general than this, and in its earliest stage universal. Still further, we must not forget that it was not all revealed at once—that Adam, for example, could have known very little of it, Noah a little more, Abraham a little more, and so on. Again, the natural religion to which St. Paul refers in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, as sufficient to teach men the power and divinity of God, was never absolutely pure at any time subsequent to the fall of man, and must have always contained some mixture, and this usually more or less corrupted, of what those who believe in divine revelation would regard as revealed religion. These considerations, from the point of view of the Christian, greatly modify Müller's classification. They further lead us to suppose that the Semitic religions will be found to be those most impregnated with revealed truth as we hold it, for our God is the "Lord God of Shem." The Aryan religions will be those bearing most evidence of the exuberance of human fancy, for Japhet's destiny is "expansion," if not "delusion;" while the wild old Turanian races, which I have endeavoured to show in a previous series of articles in this journal\* are the most primitive of all, may be expected to have religions the least mixed with the later ideas of revelation, and most stamped with the impress of its earliest truths, as well as with the general features of natural religion.



CHIPPEWA CHIEFS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

Showing the characteristic Turanian type of the American aborigines.

I have shown in the articles referred to that the aboriginal races of America are Turanian in features and in language and customs, and they existed unmixed with other peoples, and unvisited by missionaries of the "book religions," up to a very recent period. We can learn with much certainty the tenets of their religious belief, as it existed in tribes and nations both in a state of barbarism and in various stages of civilisation. We can scarcely propose to ourselves a more interesting question in the present state of religious controversy, than that which relates to the beliefs of these people. How much did they know of what we regard as truth, whether in the domain of natural or revealed religion? and what relations have their religions to those of the ancient and prehistoric peoples of the Old World? What do

primitive, untutored men like those whose stern, grave faces are presented in the two photographs of Chippewa chiefs reproduced here, believe as to the great questions relating to God and a future state?

Our first answer shall be from the narrative of the old Breton seaman, Cartier, who discovered the St. Lawrence three hundred years ago, and who can teach us all the better that he is no missionary, but merely a rough sailor, not recognising any similarity between the traditions of the Indians and those he himself believed. The creed of Stadacona, the ancient Quebec, according to him might be stated thus: "There is one god, known by the name *Cudragny*." He speaks often to men, and gives them warning of the changes of the weather; but when offended, he throws dust in their eyes, or makes them blind. When men die, their souls rise to the stars, and, descending with these to the west, are received into the happy plains where there are beautiful forests and delicious fruits." This creed was that held in one modification or another by all the American tribes, and expressed the fundamental ideas of their religion. The Great Spirit might be the Great Manitou, or Oghee-ma of the Algonquins; Okee, or Omaha of the Mandans; or approaching more nearly to the familiar Aryan Theos and Deus, he might be the Teo of the Mexicans; but in every case there was a Great Spirit, though there might be multitudes of inferior deities. So in all these religions there was a distinct recognition of immortality and a future life beyond the grave. Let us consider these two doctrines separately; and first, that of the existence of a supreme God interesting Himself in human affairs.

The American deity was not a Hindoo Brahma, isolating himself from all inferior beings. That is a later conception of a degenerate faith. He revealed himself to men, and it was the general American belief that this took place in dreams, in "thoughts from visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men," and such revelations were usually made to gifted and chosen men, prophets who had, like Balaam, "their eyes open, and heard the words of God, and saw the vision of the Almighty." The absurdly sounding name "Medicine men," by which these prophets or Shamans were designated, seems to be a corruption of the Algonquin word *Meda* or *Medawin*, by which their art was designated; a word which, like many others used by these tribes, has its allies in the Greek and other Indo-European tongues, and may be radically the same with our "medicine."

That these revelations should relate in great part to the weather, is precisely the same fact which we find in the Pelasgic mythology of Zeus, or the Scandinavian worship of Thor. In either case, the Great Spirit is not the god of the ether merely, as some closet mythologists suppose, because of a fanciful deification of the elements, but because to a rude people the changes of the weather are the principal natural facts which concern and impress them, and which, being apparently capricious and irregular, they refer to the most direct kind of divine action. Hence it may be affirmed that among all primitive peoples the chief god is more or less a weather-god. In the Old Testament, Baal, the Phœnician sun-god, was eminently a deity of this kind, as was also the Great Amen-Ra, "prince of the dew" and "lord of

\* The word is allied to Mandan *Okee*, Sioux *Oghee*, Iroquois *Oke*, Esquimaux *Aghatt*, Algonquin *Oghee-ma*. It seems to mean the higher or highest one. It resembles the name of the ancient Hindoo god Agni, and is perhaps allied to the *Og* and *Agag* of the prehistoric peoples of Palestine.

\* The "New World and the Old," vol. of 1874.



beams," among the Egyptians;\* and even the Elohim of the Hebrews does not disdain to be the Being whose voice is the thunder, who holds the lightning in his hands, who makes the clouds his chariot, and whom the winds and the waves obey. So in the old sacred book of the Quiches, the Creator is the Heart of Heaven, the lightning-flash, the thunder-bolt, and his name is Hurakan, the storm-god—a name remaining in our word hurricane.

But like many other ancient nations, the Americans were not content with the simplicity of pure monotheism; they added many subordinate gods. First among these stands a deification of the sun, arising perhaps from a natural confounding of the glorious and world-enlivening orb of day with the Great Spirit his maker, but in many nations taking the form of a separate worship. Among the ancient Peruvians, and possibly also among the Toltecs, this identification of the sun-god with the supreme Being, seems to have been complete. The Mexicans, however, had a separate sun-god, Tezcatlipoca, and in this they agreed with the Iroquois and Algonquins, whose sun-god was a deified hero, the child of the great first mother. With sun-worship was naturally connected fire-worship, and it is interesting to observe that this, which seems to have been the principal cultus of the Alleghans, or extinct mound-builders of the west, and of the Natchez and other southern tribes, had extended from them to the Algonquin peoples of the north. One of the Chipewewa tribes, for example, inhabiting Kewenaw Point, one of the former mining districts of the Alleghans, kept up, according to Schoolcraft, a perpetual sacred fire in a sort of hearth or open furnace. Its chief attendant was the "Great Sun," or "Chief Sun," and one of its priestesses was called the "Woman ever standing in presence of the God," or as it has been quaintly rendered the "Everlasting standing woman," the Pythoness of this western fire-god. This worship was said to have been derived from the south, and it seems to explain the altar hearths of the mound-builders. Among the Iroquois and Hurons the sun was in some sense an emblem of their Ares or Mars, *Areskoui* or *Agreskoui*, while the Mexicans had a separate war-god regarded by some as the brother of him of the sun.

In most cases among the Americans the sun was a beneficent god, associated with light, fertility, and happiness, as was also the case among the Indo-European and Semitic races of the Old World; and he connects himself in some respects with the ideas of a mediator or redeemer. This last thought centres around the great fundamental tradition of the first mother, which figures in all the American mythologies. We may take the Iroquois version of it as given by the early Jesuits and by Schoolcraft. *Neo*,† equivalent to Anu of the older eastern theologies, is the Great Spirit; *Atahocan* is the Master of Heaven; *Taren-yawogan*, or the Great Hare, of whom more hereafter, is the Keeper of Heaven. From this trinity originates *Atahensic*, the first woman, and the American equivalent of *Alytta* and *Astarte* of the east; *Persephone* and *Artemis* of the Greeks, and the mother-goddess of so many other ancient nations.‡ Married

to one of the six first created men, who seem to represent the six creative days, and expelled from heaven, she produces twins, who are Darkness and Light, or "Good mind" and "Evil mind," and who introduce the knowledge of good and evil on the earth. She afterwards bears a daughter who has two sons, the elder of whom, *Yoskeka*, kills his brother, and afterwards becomes the parent of mankind. Finally *Atahensic* is deified as the "Queen of Heaven," with the moon as her emblem; while *Yoskeka* also becomes a demi-god in the other world, and the sun is his totem or emblematic mark. In Hades, *Atahensic*, like the ancient *Artemis*, in one at least of her functions, and like the Scandinavian *Hela*, becomes a guardian, and also a judge and castigator of her children after death, while on *Yoskeka* devolves the more beneficent function of being their advocate and intercessor. This story, which is but a specimen of this part of American theology, as held in various forms by different tribes, bears no remote resemblance to our own familiar narrative of Eden and the Fall. But its significance is far greater than this. It shows the connection of the biblical Eve, the introducer of evil, and at the same time the mother of the Redeemer, who is the "seed of the woman," with all those primitive idolatries in which the first woman becomes the object of worship as the Queen of Heaven and mother goddess; and it shows how natural is that superstition which in like manner, in more modern times, transfers the adoration of the Saviour to his mother. Alike in the *Atahensic* of America, the two-horned *Astarte* of primeval Syria, and the virgin queen of modern Rome, we have precisely the same modification of a religious idea, that of the promised seed of the woman, which underlies all the biblical development of the doctrine of the Saviour, and in corrupt forms figures in a host of superstitions, both ancient and modern.

Perhaps even the old Phœnicians, in the worship of their Moloch, or Melkart, scarcely carried the idea of mediatorial atonement to so tragic a pitch of grandeur as did the Mexicans in their annual sacrifices to Tezcatlipoca. Their priest selected one of the most beautiful young men, at once a representative of the god and a sacrifice, and after feasting and honouring him as the impersonation of deity, slew him upon the high altar in the presence of adoring thousands, and held up his dripping heart as a sign that the sins of the people were atoned for.

The Messianic idea has, however, engrafted itself on the American religions in quite another way. All the Indian nations have traditions of a great benefactor, a teacher of arts, and introducer of humanity and civilisation. Among the Peruvians he is *Manco Capac*; among the Mexicans, *Quetzalcoatl*; among the Crees, *Gepuchican*; among the Micmacs, *Glooscap*; and the Iroquois form of the tradition forms the basis of Longfellow's "*Hiawatha*." He is represented as a benevolent hero, or demi-god of the olden time, who has left the world or been spirited away, and is to return. We may compare him with *Vishnu*, *Odin*, and *Balder*, with *Horus*, with *Hercules*, and a hundred other heroes and demi-gods of the eastern continent, all of them outgrowths of the yearnings of the human mind for a great deliverer from all the

\* See the remarkable Hymn in his honour recently published in Bagster's "Records of the Past," vol. II.

† Supposed by some to be a corruption of the French *Dieu*, but more likely allied to Mexican *Teo*.

‡ In Smith's translation of the Assyrian account of the Deluge, as given on the clay tablets in the British Museum, *Ishtar* (*Astarte*) is introduced as appealing to the gods on behalf of men, as the children she has brought forth, and as weeping over their calamities (lines 110 to

120). This fact, which I noticed after the above was written, affords an absolute confirmation of the idea that *Astarte* is identical with the biblical Eve and the American *Atahensic*. The Assyrians seem, however, to have had a later *Ishtar*, or an older mother-goddess, the mistress of Nodes, *Nin-ki-gal*.

evils which beset humanity, yearnings which belong to the higher spiritual instincts of our nature, and which for the Christian are satisfied in the person and work of Jesus the Christ.

I have mentioned above the Iroquois legend of the Great Hare, which forms another, if less intelligible, connection of the religions and superstitions of the East and of the West. This idea prevailed throughout North America, from Mexico to the shores of the Arctic Sea. As held by some Algonquin tribes, it represented Manibozoo, the Great Hare, as moving on the waters, and making the earth out of a grain of sand from the bottom of the sea, and man out of the dead bodies of animals which had preceded him. The Great Hare is thus the creator, and also embraces some attributes of the Divine Spirit as introduced in the Scriptures. We can only conjecture the origin of this use of the hare as an emblem of God. It may have arisen from the harmless, simple, and noiseless spectre-like habits of the creature, or from its expressive face and eye, or from its habit of erecting itself on its feet, and its antics at certain seasons, or, as some think, from its whiteness in winter. But whatever its origin, it goes back into remote antiquity, and is of very wide distribution. One effect of it is the aversion to eat the flesh of the animal, which still lingers as a sort of superstition in some parts of Europe, and which I have noticed even in European settlers in America. The Laps are said to refuse to eat hares, and so do the Somal Arabs, while even the Chinese are said to object to it.\* The ancient Britons had the same superstition, and their conquerors, the Saxons, held the hare as sacred to the goddess Freya. The bones of the hare are not found in the Danish shell-heaps or the Swiss lake-habitations, whence it is inferred that the ancient peoples who have left these remains did not eat the hare. They do, however, occur in the *débris* in the cave of Mentone and in the Belgian caves; showing that the hare was not everywhere regarded with the same veneration among the earliest races of Europe, or perhaps that, as in America, where the Hare Indians and many other tribes feed much on this animal, while still regarding it with a certain traditional veneration, the regard for it as a religious emblem did not hinder its use as food. A recent writer, who mentions many of these facts, seems to think that they have some connection with the rejection of the hare as food by the Jews, which he wrongly states was owing to "a false impression about its chewing its cud," whereas this would have been a reason for regarding it as clean, the reason of rejecting it being that it had paws instead of hoofs. But the Jewish Scriptures have no trace of the superstitious regard for the animal, and the Algonquin and Iroquois traditions give us the most probable explanation of the religious veneration of the hare in regarding it as the emblem of the Divine Spirit.

One part of the Iroquois tradition above referred to relates to a deluge by which the descendants of Atahensic were all destroyed, and the earth was replenished with inhabitants by the conversion of beasts into men. The traditions of the Mexicans on this subject are well known, and they are but a type of those prevailing throughout all the American tribes, and pointing to a division of the human period into two portions by a great diluvial catastrophe. One Mexican tradition connects this, as did the

Egyptians, with the disappearance of the great continent Atlantis, which in antediluvian times connected America with Europe, and whose name has perhaps as good a claim to be derived from the Mexican *Atl* (water) as from the somewhat conjectural root adopted by Greek linguists. Another Mexican tradition, preserved by Humboldt, relates that Tezpi, or Noah, embarked in a great acalli, or house, with his wife, children, and animals, and stores of grain. Tezcatlipoca, the second person of the Mexican Trinity, equivalent to Atahocan of the Iroquois, caused the deluge to abate. Tezpi sends out a vulture and other birds, and finally a humming-bird,\* which returned to him with green leaves, and then Tezpi joyfully disembarks on the mountain of Colhuacan. This story bears very nearly the same resemblance to the Noachic account of the Deluge which we find in the Chaldean tablets translated by Mr. Smith, and with much the same amount of local colouring, but with less of complication with a developed system of idolatry, and, therefore, with a more truly primitive aspect. We may well suppose that similar traditions, with similar local variations, were repeated around the camp-fires of those hardy wanderers who first penetrated into Europe after the post-glacial submergence, and served to explain the bones of the gigantic men and still more gigantic beasts that lay in the caves they inhabited.

In some sort of connection with the belief in a deluge was the belief of many American tribes that the souls of drowned persons could not attain to paradise until their bodies were recovered and buried with certain sacrificial rites, consisting of the burning of parts of the viscera before interment. This may also be connected with the belief in malignant spirits of the waters—the Kelpies of our own ancestors; and with the superstition in China and elsewhere that it is unlucky to rescue a drowning person.

It may be said that the preservation of such a tradition as that of the Deluge is impossible, since it is held by some historical critics that an oral tradition cannot survive with any degree of accuracy even for a century. But the geologist knows that a footprint in the sand, which in some circumstances must perish in an hour, may in others survive for untold ages. So with traditions. Among a rude people, with few ideas, when fixed in a form of words, traditions may be handed down indefinitely. If once reduced to pictographs, like those of the Mexicans, or even recorded on quipus or wampum-belts, they become still more unchangeable. But even an oral tradition among such people as the Americans is more enduring than a temple or a pyramid.

## RUSSIAN CELEBRITIES.

### THE CZAREWITCH.

**H**IS Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexander Alexandrovitch of Russia was born on February 26th, old style (corresponding to March 10th, new style), 1845. He is the second son of his Majesty the Emperor Alexander II, and became heir-apparent to the Russian throne on the death of his elder brother, Nicolas, which took place at Nice on April the 4th, 1865. On November 9th, 1866, he was married to the Princess Dagmar, second daughter of the present King of Denmark, and sister to our own Princess of

\* Hardwick.

\* This bird, like the dove among us, was also the emblem of the third person of the Mexican Trinity.





THE CZAREWICHEV.



PRINCE ALEXANDER GORTSCHAKOFF.



COUNT SCHOUVALOFF.



GENERAL TODLEBEN.

Wales, born November 26th, 1847. The Grand Duke is aide-de-camp of the emperor; "ataman," or commander-in-chief, of all the Cossack troops; and "proprietor" of several regiments of the Russian and of the 61st Austrian Infantry, and the 12th Prussian Lancers. Endowed with great strength of character, combined with those sympathies of a noble nature which seem to be the patrimony of the house of Romanoff, he is beloved by all who have the privilege to be closely acquainted with him. In the year 1874 he spent some time in England, and it is said that he took a lively interest in our public works, manufactures, and national institutions, whose greatness he admired. It is to be hoped that his Imperial Highness will follow in the footsteps of his illustrious father, and become a tower of strength for good in the vast empire of Russia.

#### PRINCE ALEXANDER GORTSCHAKOFF.

Among the various agencies to which the vast extension of the material and moral power of the Russian empire in modern times may be attributed, one of the most prominent is undoubtedly the great efficiency of its diplomatic service, which traces its origin and tradition as far back as the time of Peter the Great. There are few countries that can boast such a vast array of capable and withal single-minded and self-sacrificing men as we find in the long list of Russian Foreign Ministers and representatives at foreign courts. If it be not invidious to single out many particular names from this catalogue, we need but point to the Nesselrodes, the Pozzo di Borgo, the Gortschakoffs, the Kisseleffs, Ignatieffs, and Brunnows; and he who would attempt to increase the numbers tenfold would yet have to say, like M. Victor Hugo, "*j'en passe, et des meilleurs.*"

Prince Alexander Gortschakoff, who has been since 1856 Chancellor and Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Russian Empire, was born on the 4th (16th) of July, 1798. He is the head of a family of the highest nobility, which in the "Almanach de Gotha" takes an equal rank with the "mediatised" sovereign houses of Germany. Prince Gortschakoff received his early training at the college of Zarskoe-Selo, where he had the celebrated poet Pushkin for his schoolfellow, and he made his first *début* as a diplomatist in 1824, when he was appointed Secretary of the Russian Embassy at the Court of St. James's. Four years later he was promoted to the rank of *chargé d'affaires* to the Grand-ducal Court of Florence; and in 1832 he became Counsellor to the Legation at Vienna. From the very first, Prince Gortschakoff stood very high in the estimation and confidence of the late Emperor Nicolas, by whom he was in the year 1842 sent as Envoy Extraordinary to Stuttgart to arrange for the marriage of the Emperor's daughter, the Duchess Olga, with the Crown Prince of Württemberg, who succeeded his father on the throne in 1864. Apart from the politics of his own country, Prince Gortschakoff always took a deep interest in those of Austria, and it is said that the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand I, in favour of his nephew Francis Joseph, on December 2, 1848, was in a certain measure due to his influence. During the Eastern War, Prince Gortschakoff was constantly employed in connection with the diplomatic proceedings of that agitated period; and immediately after the termination of the war—i.e., in April, 1856—he succeeded Count Nesselrode in the office of Chan-

cellor of the Empire and Foreign Secretary. This position he has now occupied for twenty years with distinction, and in the immense moral influence Russia now enjoys, both in Europe and in the world at large, we may trace, step by step and year by year, the working of the hand of the eminent Chancellor. The part he took in the pending "Eastern Question" at the late Berlin Conference of the three Imperial Chancellors is so well known that we need not dwell upon it.

#### COUNT SCHOUVALOFF.

Count Peter Schouvaloff, the present Russian ambassador to the Court of St. James, may justly be looked upon as a representative character of modern Russian polity and statecraft. He is a descendant of an ancient noble family, and first entered public service in 1845. In 1857 he became major-general, and so great was his success in the military career he had elected, that he soon became the subject of an unusual cumulation of offices. As governor of the Baltic provinces, he gained the esteem of its inhabitants by his enlightened and liberal administration. In 1864 he was appointed general aide-de-camp of his Imperial Majesty Alexander II, superintendent of the gendarmerie of the empire, and head of the Privy Chancellery of the Third Section of the Empire, which he entirely remodelled.

In 1872 he was promoted to the grade of cavalry general, which is one of the highest in the Russian army. Ever since the accession of the present illustrious occupant of the throne of Peter the Great, Count Schouvaloff has often been the recipient of the special favours of the emperor, which in the administrative circles of the empire have always been thought to be fully deserved; in fact, his rare genius and exemplary life have won him the esteem of all who know him. On several occasions has he been entrusted with important missions, and it is admitted on all hands that he always discharged the duties devolving on him with the utmost devotion and efficiency.

In our time, the functions and responsibilities of an ambassador are not identical with what they were in the age of Richelieu and Mazarin. Owing to the immense improvement and simplification of the means of communication existing between the various nations, a Minister in a foreign court has now literally become what he ought to be, the spokesman and mouthpiece of the sovereign he represents. Still, the personal influence and *prestige* of an able diplomatist must always remain in excess of the moral power the office he holds confers upon him; and thus we may hope that by having such a distinguished nobleman as Count Schouvaloff among us as the representative of the Emperor of all the Russias, his own individuality will contribute to the maintenance of friendly relations between the two empires, and of the peace of the world.

#### GENERAL TODLEBEN.

General Francis Edward Todleben was born at Mitau, in Courland, on May 8, 1818. After studying in the schools of Riga, he was admitted into the College of Engineers of St. Petersburg, and served with the forces dispatched to quell the rebellion of the Circassians in 1848. When the war between Russia and the Western Powers broke out in 1854 he was acting as second captain in the corps of engineers destined for service in the field. He had

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previously distinguished himself as *ad-latus* of General Schilders, and this general, having been wounded at the siege of Silistria, in the campaign of the Danube, Todleben was sent at first as a mere *locum tenens*. From the name of Sebastopol, Todleben's has become for ever inseparable. At the time he arrived there, it was comparatively an open town, and its fortifications barely sufficient to ward off a *coup de main*. Todleben succeeded, under the continuous fire of the besieging host, in making it a real fortress of the first order, so that it for nearly twelve months resisted successfully the combined efforts of the allied armies. The French and the English had two of the most renowned specialists at the head of their engineering corps, viz., General Niel, who afterwards became Marshal of the Empire, and Field-Marshal Burgoyne, the veteran of the Peninsular War. But Todleben baffled their combined exertions from the beginning of October, 1854, till the midst of September, 1855. During that period he passed successively through the grades of captain, lieutenant-colonel,

and adjutant-colonel, and, among other distinctions, received the decoration of the 4th and of the 3rd Class of the Order of St. George, which is given only for brilliant deeds, and upon the proposal of the Chapter of the Knights of the Order. It is certain that no name connected with the siege of the Crimean fortress has had so much lustre bestowed on it as Todleben's. Since the end of the war he has continued his official duties, and still occupies the highest post of the engineer corps in the military service of the empire. It is not only as a soldier, but also as a man, that Todleben must be considered most remarkable; his kindness and affability is known to all those who are brought into contact with him, either officially or in private life; and the writer of the present sketch, in his journey to the Russian capital, 1874, has been able to fully verify the reputation General Todleben enjoys as a gentleman in the best sense of the word. In 1855 the general visited England, and was everywhere most respectfully and cordially received.

J. A.

## THE LIFE OF LORD MACAULAY.

I.

THE chief outlines of the life of the great essayist, historian, and statesman are known almost as extensively and perfectly as the charming papers which have given immortality to his memory. The recently published volumes of his biography, by his nephew, will furnish those to whom his name and works are interesting not merely with the opportunity of forming a more distinct and candid judgment of his character, but will, perhaps, bring out, even to the acknowledgment of those who have entertained prejudices against him, some pleasing traits and characteristics scarcely surprising or unexpected; while it must also be admitted these volumes may tend to confirm some of those prejudices which this great writer has assuredly been, we may almost even say, not indisposed himself to create and to strengthen. They give that information which is furnished from confidential letters—perhaps never intended to see the light; stray anecdotes illustrative of character in its moments of undress; conversation; and the knowledge of the houses frequented, and the friends with whom the most social hours were passed. What Macaulay was in political opinion, and as a statesman, as an orator, historian, essayist, and critic, all the world knows; but these volumes shed much light upon his personal character, his habits and tastes, and his private as well as public life.

We shall not be particular to follow the life in its detail of dates and succession of events; it will be sufficient if we mention a few of its characteristics. Macaulay was remarkable as a boy. He came, like so many of the minds which have illuminated our land and language in this century, from a good old Scottish stock. It was towards the close of his life, when they were both on a visit at Lord Ashburton's, that Thomas Carlyle, as he saw Macaulay's face in repose, while he was turning over the pages of a book, said, "I noticed the homely Norse features that you find everywhere in the Western Isles, and I thought to myself, Well, any one can see that you

are an honest, good sort of fellow made out of oat-meal." He was born on St. Crispin's Day, the 25th of October, in the year 1800. Macaulay himself appears to have felt more pleasure in identifying the day of his birth with the Battle of Agincourt than with the patron saint of shoemakers. His father was the well-known Zachary Macaulay, honoured and loved as one of that small illustrious band of men with whom originated the great idea of the abolition of the slave trade. Mr. Trevelyan, Macaulay's biographer and nephew, naturally speaks with honour of his grandfather, but he deserves more consideration and higher estimation than, we venture to think, he receives in these volumes.\* Sir James Stephen, in his interesting essays in ecclesiastical biography, has penned a much more unhesitating expression of affection and admiration to the old friend and fellow-labourer of Thomas Clarkson and William Wilberforce. "The one idea," as Sir James Stephen says, "the master passion, with him was the belief that God had called him into being to wage war with this gigantic evil. It was the subject of his visions by day and of his dreams by night. He edited voluminous periodical works, but whether theology, literature, or politics were the text, the design was still the same—to train the public mind to a detestation of the slave trade and of slavery." He rests in Westminster Abbey, and in the modest inscription upon his tomb, some affectionate pen has recorded that he was a man "who, during forty successive years, partaking in the counsels and the labours which, guided by favouring Providence, rescued Africa from the woes, and the British Empire from the guilt, of slavery and the slave trade, meekly endured the toil, the privation, and the reproach, resigning to others the praise and the reward." This testimony is simply true. Old Zachary Macaulay was also one of the Clapham sect, and it is in Sir James Stephen's beautiful little monogram upon that

\* "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay." By his nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. 2 vols. (Longmans.)



interesting and influential cluster of pious folk that the reference to his memory occurs. Mr. Trevelyan might have studied a little more closely Sir James Stephen's paper, in which case he would have saved himself from some mistakes which he has made with reference to the circle of which Zachary Macaulay was a distinguished member, and have discovered that John Newton was in no sense what he has described him as being—its real founder. We fancy Mr. Trevelyan has very few sympathies with those old Clapham people and their ways. Had the case been different, he certainly would not have thought it necessary to vindicate old Zachary Macaulay in such language as that "he was no common fanatic." But the biographer evidently knows very little of the real life or influence of that old evangelical school which commanded the eloquent eulogy of Sir James Stephen.

There are pleasant lights on the old Clapham home; perhaps to some modern ideas it would seem severe. In after days Macaulay was wont to say that he was brought up after "the straitest sect of the Pharisees." Evangelical Church-of-Englandism and Quakerism were the predominating influences of his child-life; he was in the habit of saying that he got his joviality and his humour from his Quaker relationships. His uncle appears to have been a very lively, clever man, full of good stories. One, Macaulay mentions of him, how, when a son of this old Quaker, resident in London, had upon some occasion attended service at Rowland Hill's Chapel, and had there lost a new hat, mentioning the misfortune to his father, the old Quaker said, "John, if thee had gone to the right place of worship, thee'd have kept thy hat upon thy head!" It will be interesting to those who reside near or who ever pass that way to know that the old Clapham house where Macaulay passed his happy childhood was in that part of Clapham now called the Pavement, a few doors from the Plough Inn, but a little nearer to the Common. If the house be not entirely pulled down, it has disappeared behind an imposing shop-front, so that the old rooms which Lady Trevelyan describes so affectionately as the scene of that pious, intelligent, and happy early home, are altogether undistinguishable. When the boy was little more than an infant, he began to read with avidity everything that came in his way, and from the very first with him, to read was to remember. From his earliest days his memory was always wonderful, and he appears by the singular feats which are recited of him to have retained without an effort almost everything that passed before his eye—astonishing heaps of rubbish as well as worlds of valuable material. It would seem as if he almost lisped in dithyrambs and splendid inflations of expression. When he was about four years of age he was taken by his father on a visit to Lady Waldegrave at the famous Strawberry Hill. Here the servant spilled some hot coffee on the child's legs. The hostess was all anxiety, kindness, and compassion; and after some time, asking again how he was feeling, the little literary atom replied, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated." It was about the same time as the exceedingly proper, ladylike, and saintly Mrs. Hannah More used to relate, that, calling at Clapham, she was met by a fair, pretty, slight child, with an abundance of light hair, who came to the door to receive her, telling her that both his parents were out, but that if she would be good enough to come

in he would mix her a glass of spirits! The excellent lady, whose refreshments never passed beyond a glass of cowslip wine, was startled, and questioned the child as to what he could know about spirits, when it turned out that his idea that this was a proper expression of hospitality and entertainment was derived from "Robinson Crusoe." This, however, appears to have been the commencement of his intimacy with this distinguished lady, who kept up a correspondence with her young entertainer, and who, only a short time after, thanks him for his letters, "so neat and free from blots," and in her reply talks to him of Johnson's "Hebrides," Walton's "Lives," "Cowper's Poems," "Paradise Lost," and "Racine!"

When he left home he was placed with the Rev. Mr. Prestow, of Little Shelford, a village in the immediate neighbourhood of Cambridge. The spirit of the Clapham sect presided over the selection of the tutor. "He held," says Mr. Trevelyan, "extreme Low-Church opinions;" he was certainly a disciple of the eminent Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, who was in that day the apostle of the Low-Church school. Of course, the atmosphere of Cambridge hung round Shelford; and, young as he was, Macaulay became known to and honoured by Cambridge men. Of him, Dean Milner wrote to Mr. Macaulay: "Your lad is a fine fellow; he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." And the lad writes to his mother how surprised and delighted he was to be invited to Cambridge to Queen's College, where he was the guest in Dean Milner's own apartments. At Shelford, he writes to his mother that he is "intimidated at nothing but Greek, and that mathematics suit his taste," concerning both of which an entire revulsion of opinion very soon took place. That beloved and tender mother was anxious about him in a very different way, and we must quote the following beautiful maternal passages from one of her letters. Let us remember that he was still only something over twelve years of age:—"I have always admired a saying of one of the old heathen philosophers, when a friend was condoling with him, that he so well deserved of the gods, and yet that they did not shower their favours on him as on some others less worthy, he answered, 'I will, however, continue to deserve well of them.' So do you, my dearest; do your best, because it is the will of God. You should improve every faculty to the utmost now, and strengthen the powers of your mind by exercise, and then in future you will be better enabled to glorify God with all you powers and talents, be they of a more humble or higher order; and you shall not fail to be received into everlasting habitations, with the applauding voice of your Saviour, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' You see how ambitious your mother is; she must have the wisdom of her son acknowledged before angels and an assembled world. My wishes can soar no higher, and they can be content with nothing less for any of my children. The first time I saw your face I repeated those beautiful lines of Watts' 'Cradle Hymn'—

\* Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,  
Trust and love Him all thy days;  
Then, go dwell for ever near Him—  
See His face and sing His praise.'

And this is the substance of all my prayers for you. In less than a month you and I shall, I

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trust, be rambling over the Common, which now looks quite beautiful." This is a beautiful glimpse into the very interior of a tender mother's heart.

At the age of eighteen, Macaulay went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge. "Soak your mind with Cicero!" was his constant advice to students; but, on the other hand, his abhorrence of mathematics might have satisfied Sir William Hamilton himself. He wrote to his mother:—"I can scarcely bear to write on mathematics. Oh, for words to express my abomination of that science. *Discipline* of the mind! say, rather, starvation, confinement, torture, annihilation! But it must be! I feel myself becoming a personification of algebra, a living trigonometrical canon, a walking table of logarithms; all my perceptions of elegance and beauty gone, or at least going. By the end of the term my brains will be as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage!" Some readers will be surprised that, notwithstanding his affluence of knowledge, and his hearty, earnest student life, he did not come out as a first man in Cambridge. It is singular that Mr. Trevelyan, while he refers to the fact that his uncle did not obtain the Chancellor's medal for the prize poem on Waterloo in 1820, makes no reference whatever to his prize poems, "Pompeii" and "Evening," which obtained the gold medal in 1819 and 1821. Both of those poems are published with their author's sanction, acknowledged by the publishers, in the *Collection of Cambridge Prize Poems*. They are in the possession of the writer of this paper, and in elegance and graceful strength of expression, and in the general treatment of the subjects, finely foreshadow, as the productions of the boy, the future eminence of the man. It is strange that they are quite unmentioned in the biography. He was elected a Fellow in 1824, and in the same year took his Master of Arts degree; and he was called to the Bar—to which, however, he never looked seriously as a profession—in 1826, joining the northern circuit of Leeds.

Macaulay was only twenty-five years of age when, like Lord Byron, he woke up one morning and found himself famous. It is well known that, with a cluster of young, brilliant Cambridge men, he had fallen in the way of Charles Knight, and for some time contributed, with them, to "Knight's Quarterly Review." In this connection appeared some of those pieces which remained almost unnoticed and unknown until after Macaulay's death; and have still a singular obscurity as contrasted with their own merits and the fame of all his other writings. But it was his paper on Milton, in the "Edinburgh Review," which instantly raised him into the rank of the most splendid English essayists. In after years he was wont to speak somewhat disparagingly of the rich colours and fancies overflowing this paper; but perhaps, in these later years, he had receded further from that severe and saintly Puritan household which had, no doubt, contributed to lend its glow and charm to the portraits of the men who were Milton's friends. Certainly, the fine, rhetorical, and balanced antithetical delineation of the old Puritan is one of the most splendid pieces of writing in our language, and has ever since held its place as one of the choicest pieces of English composition. Macaulay had a great admiration for Robert Hall, and when he heard that the great preacher, the mighty master of all that was most perfect in English composition, had given his admiration to this first

real effort of his pen, it filled him with a very natural pride; nor less when Lord Jeffrey, in acknowledging the receipt of his manuscript, said, "The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style." He was a mighty bookman, and when on circuit one night he was seen going up to bed with a volume under his arm, and an old king's counsel remonstrated with him on the danger of reading in bed, he rejoined, with immense rapidity of utterance, "I always read in bed at home, and if I am not afraid of committing parricide, and matricide, and fratricide, I can hardly be expected to pay any attention to the lives of the bagmen of Leeds."

His clothes were badly put on. Indeed, he is said always to have dressed, although not cheaply, yet badly, and he was unhandy to a degree quite unexampled in the experience of all who knew him. If he wore gloves, they were never worn with any tidiness or propriety. After he left his chambers for India there were found between fifty and sixty straps, hacked into strips and splinters, and razors innumerable. When once he hurt his hand, and was obliged to send for a barber, after the operation he asked "what was to pay." "Oh, sir," said the man, "whatever you usually give the person who shaves you." "In that case," said Macaulay, "I should give you a great gash on each cheek." He was entirely destitute of all bodily accomplishments. He could neither swim, nor row, nor drive, nor skate, nor shoot; he seldom crossed a saddle, and never willingly; and when in attendance at Windsor as a Cabinet Minister, he was informed that the Queen had placed a horse at his disposal, he said, "If her Majesty wishes to see me ride, she must order out an elephant." But he was an incessant walker, and when not walking out of doors, walking rapidly up and down the room. He made a call once, and stopping short in the midst of some declamation, he said, "You have a brick floor here!" The lady of the house confessed it was true, but hoped it had been disguised by a double matting and a thick carpet. He said that his habit of always walking enabled him to tell accurately the material on which he was walking.

One of the most interesting items of the biography might be entitled, "Macaulay at Holland House." At that famous shrine of princely hospitality and munificence, that retreat and abode of all that was famous in scholarship or wit, in genius or eloquence, Macaulay appears to have been an eminently welcome guest. He has well repaid all that he received by the immortality he has conferred upon the mansion in one of the most splendid passages in his essays. Very soon after he took his place of eminence as a leading writer in the "Edinburgh Review" he received an invitation, and very highly he evidently esteemed the honour. "Well, my dear," he writes to his sister, Hannah, "I have been to Holland House; arrived through a fine avenue of elms; the house is delightful—the very perfection of the old Elizabethan style; a considerable number of very large and very comfortable rooms, very rich with antique carving and gilding, but furnished with all the skill of the best modern upholsterers." The glimpses are curious which we obtain of that distinguished lady who presided over the hospitalities of the mansion—Lady Holland—to whose winning grace of manner he somewhere in his essays pays a compliment, but of whom we obtain a rather more complete idea in his letters to his sisters. He had met Lady Holland

a short time before his visit to her house at the Marquis of Lansdowne's, and, it may be supposed, had pleased the lady. "I was shaking hands with Sir James Macdonald, when I heard a command behind us, 'Sir James, introduce me to Mr. Macaulay,' and we turned, and there sat a large, bold-looking woman, with the remains of a fine person, and the air of Queen Elizabeth. 'Macaulay,' said Sir James, 'let me present you to Lady Holland.' Then was her ladyship gracious beyond description, and asked me to dine and take a bed at Holland House." So soon as Samuel Rogers heard that he had received the invitation, he told him that he would contrive to meet him at Holland House, and initiate him into all its ways; Rogers was as much at home there as at his own home in St. James's Place; and so the young man had a fine introduction to the select and favoured circle. Lady Holland was a curious person, managing everybody like an autocrat. "To me she was excessively gracious; yet there is a haughtiness in her courtesy which, even after all I have heard of her, surprised me. The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she keeps her guests; it is to one, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Do this, and it is done. 'Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay.' 'Lord Russell, lay down that screen; you'll spoil it.' 'Mr. Allen, take that candle, and show Mr. Cradock that picture of Buonaparte.'" In Macaulay she probably met with her match. Even upon this first occasion she took exception to the word *talented*, whereupon Macaulay talked to her about the word talents and its history, and in the course of his remarks referred to the parable in the New Testament; he says, "She seemed quite surprised, never having, so far as I could judge, heard of the parable of the talents. I did not tell her, as I might have done, that a person who professes to be a critic in the delicacies of the English language ought to have the Bible at his fingers' ends." She was a dictatorial oddity, but, like many such persons, she appears to have been afraid of, or at any rate kept in order by, the wits she gathered about her—men like Luttrell, Brougham, Rogers, and Sidney Smith. To Sidney Smith she said, in one of these dictatorial moments, "Mr. Smith, ring the bell!" "Oh, yes," he said, "and then I'll sweep up the fire-place!" Macaulay entertains his sisters with charming accounts of the tattle at the dinner-table at Holland House, and how her ladyship kept up a continual lamentation during the whole repast. "I should never have found out that everything was not as it should be but for her criticisms. The French cook was ill, and so the soup was too salt; the cutlets were not exactly *comme il faut*, and the pudding was hardly enough boiled. I was amused to hear, from the splendid mistress of such a house, the same sort of apologies which — made when her cook forgot the joint, and sent up too small a dinner to table. I told Luttrell that it was a comfort to me to find that no rank was exempted from these afflictions." And after reciting a great many more of these cuisinier jeremiads, with some interpolations of her ladyship's tittle-tattle with the then Prime Minister, Earl Grey, he says, "This tattle is worth nothing except to show how much the people, whose names will fill the history of our times, resemble in all essential matters the quiet folks who live in Mecklenburg Square and Brunswick Square." Another curious personal trait of her ladyship: "She is the greatest coward I ever saw. The last time that I was

there she was frightened out of her wits by the thunder. She closed all the shutters, drew all the curtains, and ordered candles in broad day to keep out the lightning, or, rather, the appearance of the lightning. On Saturday she was in a terrible taking about the cholera; talked of nothing else; refused to eat any ice because somebody said that ice was bad for the cholera; was sure that the cholera was at Glasgow, and asked me why a cordon of troops was not instantly placed around that town to prevent all intercourse between the infected and the healthy spots."

There are pleasing glimpses of other old and well-known houses in which Macaulay was a welcome guest, none more notable or noticeable than the well-known house in St. James's Place, the residence of the modest Mæcenæas of our times, the poet and wit Samuel Rogers. Among the houses of the wealthy nobility, there were those like Bowood and Holland House, which exceeded in splendour, but perhaps none were invested by such a halo of affectionate regards as the mansion in St. James's Place; it was a charming museum of elegance and art, looking out on the most pleasant part of the Green Park. The writer of the present paper well remembers many visits paid to it, when little more than a youth, as a young cadet of literature; he well remembers the pride with which the master of the mansion instructed him in some of the beauties of Guido's "Ecce Homo," which now, by the bequest of Rogers, enriches the National Gallery, and which then hung on the left side wall of the breakfast-room overlooking the Park. Very singular anecdotes are told of many of the visitors to this house, beautifully illustrating the character of its loveable owner. Macaulay mentions one, but it has found its way into print before. Chantrey, the sculptor, dined with Rogers, and took particular notice of an antique vase, and the table on which it stood, and inquired who made the table. "A common carpenter," said Rogers. "Do you remember the making of it?" said Chantrey. "Certainly," said Rogers, in some surprise, "I was in the room while it was finished with the chisel, and gave the workman directions about the placing it." "Yes," said Chantrey, "I was the carpenter. I remember the room well, and all the circumstances." "A curious story, I think," says Macaulay, "and honourable both to the talent which raised Chantrey, and to the magnanimity which kept him from being ashamed of what he had been."

The lights from these pages fall upon the features of many noticeable characters. It was impossible to visit at such houses as those we have mentioned without meeting the most remarkable men of the time. Especially noticeable, at Holland House he met him whom he somewhat irreverently calls, "Old Talleyrand." "He is certainly the greatest curiosity that I ever fell in with. His head is sunk down between two high shoulders; one of his feet is hideously distorted; his face is as pale as that of a corpse, and wrinkled to a degree; his eyes have an odd, glassy stare, quite peculiar to them; his hair, thickly powdered and pomatumed, hangs down his shoulders on each side as straight as a pound of tallow candles. His conversation, however, soon makes you forget his ugliness and his infirmities. There is a poignancy, without effort, in all he says, concise, pointed, and delicately satirical." It may be questioned whether there anywhere exists so graphic and living a portrait of this astonishing man.

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## WEATHER PROVERBS.

Julg.

THROUGHOUT the northern countries of Europe this is always regarded as the hottest month of the year, although the sun has already commenced its downward course. As is well known, the so-called Dog Days begin on the 3rd of July and continue into August, during which time great heat not unfrequently prevails. The husbandman looks for calm and bright weather, diversified by mild showers of rain to bring on his crops in due season.

"July, God send thee calm and fayre,  
That happy harvest we may see,  
With guyet tyme and healthsome ayre,  
And man to God may thankful bee."

"A shower of rain in July, when the corn begins to fill,  
Is worth a plough of oxen and all belongs theretill."

"No tempest, good July,  
Lest corn come off blue by (mildew)."

There is a general belief that during July a spell of fine or wet weather may be expected—the former if the spring has been wet, the latter if dry. This is the result of accurate observation, and cannot be gainsayed; but unfortunately the proverbs embodying this idea have been attached to particular days, which in themselves cannot, of course, have any effect on the succeeding weather. The special days are July 13th, 16th, and 27th, the latter of which is "Old" Saint Swithin's Day. They all point to the particular weather on those days as heralding a duration of similar weather.

"If the first of July [13 N. S.] be rainy weather,  
It will rain more or less for four weeks together."

"If Bullion's Day [16th] be dry there will be a good harvest."

"Bullion's Day gif ye be fair,  
For forty days there'll be nae mair."

"If the deer rise dry and lie down dry on Bullion's Day,  
There will be a good goose harvest."

The last special day is sacred to St. Swithin, on whom great reliance is placed by the common people. Observations during several years prove, as might have been expected, that this confidence is not warranted so far as the particular day is concerned, but that a spell of dry or wet weather is very common about this time. Consequently, if the proverbs connected with this day are transferred to the three or four days collectively on each side of it, the general weather experienced throughout that week is no bad index to that of the future.

"St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,  
For forty days it will remain;  
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,  
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair."

"If St. Swithin greets, the proverb says,  
The weather will be foul for forty days."

"In this month is St. Swithin's Day,  
On which if that it rain, they say,  
Full forty days after it will,  
On more or less some rain distil."

—*Poor Robin's Almanack*, 1697.

The same day belongs to two other saints, Saint Processus and Saint Martin; and a Latin proverb tells us that "it suffocates the corn if it rain on the feast of Saint Processus and Saint Martin." The homely saying, "Saint Swithin is christening the apples," applied to rain on that day, is a fitting conclusion to the proverbs of this month.

## Varieties.

C. E. MUDIE AND A COLLECTOR.—In an interesting account of his recent visit to Palestine lately delivered, Mr. C. E. Mudie, the well-known librarian, says that on the road to Jericho he was met by a clerical gentleman who, advancing upon him book and pencil in hand, asked for a donation towards the cost of silver cups for use at the Communion Service at a neighbouring church. Mr. Mudie expressed his belief that at the institution of the Sacrament the vessels used were of very much cheaper material than silver, and hardly thought the object one which he was called upon to aid. Well, would he then help them in carrying out a scheme for the erection of a wall in the burial-ground, marking off the portion in which the poorer members of the community were interred, from the rest? This Mr. Mudie at once declined to have anything to do with, and explained that in England efforts were being made to get rid of all such distinctions, it being thought quite enough that they should exist during life, without being maintained amongst the dead. Then, if this did not meet his views, would he for pure humanity's sake subscribe towards the fund for relieving the blind members of the church? This looked a little more promising, and Mr. Mudie ventured to ask for particulars, inquiring how many of such members there were, when he was told they had only one at present, but they hoped soon to increase the number; whereupon Mr. Mudie expressed his sympathy with the idea, but intimated that under the circumstances the fund might wait awhile, and the would-be collector was obliged to give up his task in despair, though he was afterwards comforted by a contribution which Mr. Mudie forwarded to him through Bishop Gobat—to whose earnestness and personal excellence, by the way, he bears the most hearty and unqualified testimony.

INFIDELITY AND PHILANTHROPY.—Mr. Bradlaugh, the infidel, having lectured at Deptford, was replied to by a well-known resident, who contrasted the work that Christians were doing with that of the Secularists, and said:—"I have been out often between the hours of midnight and daybreak, searching for poor friendless lads, with a view to rescue and bring them to our Boys' Home at Deptford, and I have visited some of the lowest lodging-houses in London, and there I have seen the Scripture-reader engaged in his work for God; and as I have walked through the streets, I have seen the female missionary dealing with those of her own sex who had fallen, and seeking to save them from a life of misery. But never," said he, "have I seen an infidel out at these hours, ready and willing to afford even temporal help to those who were in need."

COLD IN THE HEAD.—Professor Ferrier says that catarrh may usually be checked by using a snuff, composed of six drachms of bismuth, two drachms of acacia powder, and two grains of hydrochlorate of morphia. Half of this mixture may be taken in twenty-four hours.—*Lancet*.

CORN-HUSKING IN NEW ENGLAND.—An old-fashioned scene of social merriment is still in use in New England at the end of the maize or corn harvest. The neighbours assemble in a barn for "husking" the grain. An American paper last autumn gave the following account of a husking for the benefit of the ladies' department in the Centennial Exhibition. We quote it, as giving a peep into Yankee life in a phase not familiar to most Englishmen:—The home of Representative Banks, on Main Street, in Waltham, Mass., was last evening the scene of a royal frolic improvised in aid of the National Centennial. General Banks lent a helping hand, and kindly threw open his mansion and barn for the entertainment, which was nothing

less than a genuine, old-fashioned husking. General Banks, who makes "success a duty," raised this year about 200 bushels of corn, 100 bushels of which were placed in the middle of the barn floor in a rack with seats on either side. In order the more successfully to realise fully the fun attending the discovery of red ears, 100 of these was scattered throughout the winrow. The barn was lighted with lanterns, and in one corner a stand was erected for musicians. The barn is situated a short distance from the house, with which it was connected for the occasion by a covered way, a large marquee in the centre forming a conspicuous feature of the arrangements. The interior of this was brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns. An admission fee of fifty cents was charged the visitors, and, no expense whatever having been incurred, the receipts, which amounted to a considerable sum, all went to aid the woman's department in the Centennial Exhibition. The husking began about eight o'clock, old and young entering alike into the sport, demanding, receiving, and paying forfeits, as one after another lucky one discovered a red ear. The company were then invited to a substantial collation, such as was served to the boys and girls of New England 100 years ago. This was a gratuity on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Banks, and consisted of baked beans, brown bread, squash, apple and mince pies, dough-nuts and cheese, with coffee and sweet cider.—*Worcester Gazette*.

**AN ITINERANT BROTHERHOOD.**—While I was at St. Luke's, I was several times the subject of an effort to bring on some development of ritual in our worship. There is, I believe, a migratory brotherhood, or confraternity, which takes as its mission to go about and push "Catholic usage," as it is called. I remember once we were invaded by a gang of these devotees, who scattered themselves here and there in the congregation, and by studiously devout bowings and crossings tried to promote what they conceived to be improved gestures of reverence among the people. They gave us up, however, in about a month, and disappeared suddenly, like swallows.—*East and West London*, by Rev. Harry Jones.

**AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.**—The following advertisement appeared lately in the "Times":—"To noblemen and gentlemen.—An accomplished and highly respectable single English gentleman, age 25, who is truly energetic, honest, candid, temperate, moral, staid, of good intellect and address, prepossessing in appearance, of strong and healthy constitution, has travelled in various parts of England, France, and America, can ride, swim, row, shoot, fence, sing, play, etc., and can give unexceptionable references, is desirous of an engagement to travel to any part of the world (European tour preferred) as a travelling companion. To those noblemen or gentlemen about to travel now or at a future date (or otherwise), desirous of engaging a strictly trustworthy person without conceit, in above or any other capacity which necessitates travelling with an honourable commercial or private commission requiring tact, skill, and experience, please address H. R. (bona fide),—Post-office."

**ANECDOTES OF M. LESSEPS.**—In his work on the Suez Canal, a personal narrative (translated by Sir H. Drummond Wolff, M.P., Blackwood and Sons), M. Lesseps gives some amusing experiences of his relations with England. Before going to England M. de Lesseps had published a work to prepare the public mind for his proposal. On arriving in England, he caused a translation to be made, and consulted a publisher as to the cost and the best means of insuring a large circulation:—"The publisher promises me an answer for the next day. Next morning I return to him, and he gives me a bill of costs, in which the largest item is intended for an attack on the work. We must believe that the epidermis of the English is less sensitive than ours. We certainly do not pay for the rods that scourge us. 'There is no need for praise of a book,' says the publisher; 'when it is attacked, honest people want to see it, and judge for themselves. How many works have had an immense run only because they have been cried down!' The English publisher was a man of good practical sense." The English publisher was laughing at M. de Lesseps. No such item ever figured in a bill of costs, and the bare supposition of charges for either praise or blame is so preposterous that it cannot even be regarded as a serious charge against the Press, and M. de Lesseps, too, must have had ample experience that attacks *à discretion* may be had gratis. He attended numerous public meetings in England, and had no reason to complain of his reception. The "heads of wood" were confined to the politicians:—"My addresses having given full satisfaction, and public opinion being favourable, I had only to follow it up.

I returned to Egypt and Constantinople, and employed the success of my meetings to counterbalance the effects of English diplomacy. I succeeded only in 1853. As you see, the first steps were long and laborious. Fancy that in the first four years I travelled 10,000 leagues every year—more than a journey round the world!" In one respect English opposition was of use to him. It stimulated the eagerness to subscribe in France. To take shares in the Suez Canal became a popular mode of avenging Waterloo. "An old bald-headed priest, doubtless an old soldier," is one instance. Another was a well-dressed man, profession unknown:—"I wish," said he, 'to subscribe for the Railway of the Island of Sweden' (le chemin de fer de l'île de Suède). 'But,' it was remarked to him, 'it is not a railway, it is a canal; it is not an island, it is an isthmus; it is not in Sweden, it is at Suez.' 'That's all the same to me,' he replied, 'provided it be against the English I subscribe.' The same patriotic eagerness was found in many priests and military men."

**MACAULAY'S ESSAYS.**—Upwards of 120,000 copies have been sold in the United Kingdom by a single publisher. Considerably over 130,000 copies of separate essays have been printed in the series known by the name of the "Traveller's Library," and it is no passing, or even waning popularity which these figures represent. Between the years 1843 and 1853 the yearly sales by Messrs. Longman of the collected editions averaged 1,230 copies; between 1853 and 1864 they rose to an average of 4,700; and since 1864 more than 6,000 copies have, one year with another, been disposed of annually. The publishers of the United States are still pouring forth these reprints by many thousands at a time; and in British India and on the continent of Europe these productions, which the author classed as ephemeral, are so greedily read, and so constantly reproduced, that taking the world as a whole, there is probably never a moment when they are out of the hands of the compositor.—*Lord Macaulay's Life*.

**SNOW STORM OF 1836.**—We know nothing of what has been passing on the continent, all the mails having been stopped by the weather. One of my messengers reached the Foreign Office last Thursday, having started from Boulogne the Friday before, and having thus been seven days getting from Boulogne to Downing Street. He tried to go by land from Dover to London, but found it impossible, and so took shipping and came by sea.—*Lord Palmerston's Letters*.

**SKATING RINKS AT NIGHT.**—Let parents and ladies who respect their character note the following paragraph. Being from the "Field," a sporting paper, it may be taken for granted that the warning is not without good reason:—"A rink in day-time, properly managed, is one of the cheapest means of healthy exercise and legitimate flirtation. At night-time, judiciously managed, with no awkward questions asked of those who present themselves at the door, it becomes one of the cheapest and most remunerating modes of encouraging social evil. A proprietor of a music-hall has to obtain a licence for music; and of a casino, one for dancing also. Both these licences have to be obtained, often with much opposition, from a licensing bench of justices; and if adverse reports are raised as to the conduct of the place—that it in any way becomes a nuisance to neighbours—the licence may be refused, to the loss of the proprietor who has sunk capital in it. But in a rink no such risk is run, no licence is required. Yet, except that for a boarded floor there is an asphalt pavement, and that instead of dancing, skating takes place for a minority, wherein do such places, after nightfall, differ practically from acknowledged casinos, that flaunt their shame with more candour, but no greater social evil? So far as speculation is concerned, it was a bright idea when sundry rinks were opened after nightfall, and no questions asked at the door, provided those who applied for admittance were well dressed. Patronage of a certain class was found inevitably to follow. The system, however, raises a serious question—whether the legislature should not pass some Act which shall bring places of entertainment of this sort directly under the control of the county magistracy. So long as there were only avowed casinos, which required licence before they could offer special attractions, there was some control over vice; but now that the new amusement has given facilities for the evasion of the principles upon which licences are required for places of public entertainment, and has begun to be perverted to an immoral purpose, it is time that places of public entertainment other than those which offer conventional 'music and dancing' should be similarly placed under legal supervision."

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